Rodolphe on pruning, whom we cut off,
& so I must stop & to my own.

Well Ethel this is a long letter – the
longest for I've written this 25 weeks, –
ah in ten minutes too. so its Thick
as a bun with howlers, solecisms,
& no true repentance, I daresay, only
affection & admiration for the valiant
uncastrated cat with the unhealed
wound.

So I spent the morning
so agreeably talking about flannels to the
lady next door – & Mrs Ebbs the clergyman's
wife has given notice she means to ask me to
tea; thats Im, she hears so dreadfully shy,
really very likely. I shant have the courage to come.
But I shall. Thats the lovely I long for – Mrs Ebbs &
Dizzy who breeds Lemon Coloured cockers. She
said to me, "Mrs Woolf, I've planted this bed with
yellow & white roses, because my yellow & white bitch is
buried there: & that one with red & orange roses, because
that's the grave of the red bitch. Its a mistake to
have so much sentiment, aint it? But I'm like
that" so a- V.

Rotn 2.4.63

NYPL

Wednesday Dec 2/1931

I've been in bed for a week, but am up today & much better - Still I've promised not to see anyone, so can't call you up as I should wish. (yes.) Naturally agree with you about Dr's book - & hope you'll inspect your old Tories at work in it - the Devil to lead it. Here's a book you lent me ages ago - We're off to Rodmell hope on Friday & please write me letter & I shall be all right (D.V.) when I come back

V.

Back from Rodmell.
very lovely in fact.

32 T-S. Sunday Dec 6 1931

Yes, Ethel dear, I am quite aware of the warm, generous cat who goes to Kingswood on the hour & the moment. Indeed it is that Ethel I clasp to my breast at present. I admit that I've been rather depressed, considerably sunk beneath the sea, with there incessant headaches; & when I've been tempted to say what is the good of it? — I've remembered with gratitude how often you've told me — how openly & generously — that I'm one of your — what shall I say? — objects — necessities? I mean, it I declared to-night, Ethel would feel her glass of Champagne less sparkling. There — you've done me a lot of good, though I seldom say so —

I've had to agree with L. that I shall spend the week till Christmas in an invalid state — no writing, no going to parties or plays, but taking a walk & coming back & lying on the sofa. Every time I do more the pain comes back NYPL but it certainly ceases when I'm given in to, & do just as I must. But by Christmas I think I shall be in full fettle again. I'm going to read Science — as the least like to my own idea — which I beat down; & get how they swarm! I've 3 books in my head at the moment. I'm going to read Wells & Huxley; & a man called Heard; & perhaps you'll find me a nicer, shorter, less remote & arrogant & merely character, when Scientific. Elizabeth & her both liked immensely; & she was so intelligent — I doubt that L. would throw her from her bench. Well — I'm not going to work long either. Yes, Ethel dear, I find the thought of you very comforting

V.

Rota 2.4.63

Tuesday 8th Dec 1931

well anyhow not Wednesday if not this.
I think probably I should do better to
ward you off with I'm covered:
but if I wake very sorrow tomorrow
I'll ring up before 11 on the chance
you're free. My blessings for
Xtn - so sleepy can't write

Dec 12. 1931

Fr Tavistock Sqr.

Saturday

I felt awfully like a sucking pig after dinner & so
cant catch the post. Then is only what they call a
line to say that on the contrary, I was sit at all
tired but I think refreshed by your visit. Its a
fact that it is listen to conversation when the
Conversor is as discreet & well balanced &
~~so~~ gay as Dame Ethel cheers & intrigues.
I liked Ethel very much on Wednesday. I
think she has a tender & understanding nature, in
spite of appearances. I'm really better,
only martyrit, as Leonard says, think of magician waiting
so for another 10 days: when I say Now I'll
begin to think of back, he put a shade over me
Just as I used to shut up my canary.
What a blessing to have a critical sitting to
my friend. I don't feel I could write
another novel under a year. But
to collect my thoughts on La Walk Scott is to
me a spirit rober string that wont twang me
awake - Figure then melophon, this eyeglass, this
breathless abruptness. Nelly is sorry to keep my
dinner, I host this I daren't be found working by L

when he comes up from the Pier.
He's much excited about the Cole
Question & is going to get his
fact correct — rather working I
think to lose an eye to the window,
"D'jan know, Neh. Jan husband
was a murderer?" Wrongly he a
Lark — as a conversational opening.

NYPL

Jr no mor

What about this
Village?

(She had been ill ever since "Hedges")

Dec 19th 1931

"She" is only again 'just a line' to catch the Early post so that you may get it this evening.
D.S. is about the same. The next days are the critical ones — fear of perforation. But there's nothing to be done. Nina comes back tomorrow. I shall know on Monday if she can use our room for the night on Tuesday. I suspect Nina has told them not to ask me, unless she sees they really are in need of an outrider. They — all the Oklahoma — dotting there waiting for it to